

# PEOPLES' FORUM.

**NOTE.**—The People's Forum being freely open to all parties, classes, persons, views and capabilities, the Virginian-Pilot is responsible for none of the statements nor opinions expressed therein, and for no action which they are set forth. The ignorant and uneducated shall be heard here equally with the learned.

Norfolk, Va., July 25th, 1900.

Editor Virginian-Pilot:

To the Public:—In references to the recent law passed prohibiting the obstruction on the sidewalk—I would like to ask, is there any progressive city in the Union—take Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, &c. that the city don't allow the merchant line to display of there wares. If you want to make a first class country town out of Norfolk, enforce the law, and another thing how does people who keeps places or stores on the 2nd floor of some buildings going to get along—will certainly depreciated business—and to do that it is bound to depreciate the value of property. I would submit like other cities do—which the merchants are allowed three feet from building line—and the Police on the beat be instructed. If they see any merchant taking one inch over the 3 feet the Police on the beat to swear out a warrant and have the merchant prosecuted under the cities laws. The present law is certainly an injustice, and the merchants are all under big expense and they should certainly have the same privilege as other cities give them, take for instance the commission merchants when they have live poultry it makes them sick—people buy them—and is liable to make the city sick. No one eats the poultry. I trust the city will consider this matter well—to do justice to all—and after considering well—I am satisfied they will consider that they will do the same as other prosperous cities are doing.

## A CITIZEN OF NORFOLK.

Norfolk, Va., July 28th, 1900.

Editor Virginian-Pilot, Norfolk, Va.:

OUTING for August is at hand and contains its usual number of articles on sports and recreation. In its article reviewing the Eastern college baseball, by Mr. Chas. Edward Peterson, it shows that its new editor, Mr. Whitney, pays very close attention to what appears in its columns.

Mr. Whitney has long been known by college men to be decidedly prejudiced against the athletic colleges of this country in athletic matters, and his very opening paragraph of the baseball review shows that prejudice in unmistakable terms. It is as follows:

"First of all it should be said that from the discussions which follow, are eliminated those colleges which do not enforce adequate rules covering scholarship and amateur status, such, for example, as Georgetown, Holy Cross, Fordham and Manhattan."

The above named colleges are the leading Catholic colleges of the country in athletic matters, and the review shows that prejudice in unmistakable terms. It is as follows:

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How Mr. Caspar Whitney can profess to be a sportsman and conduct a fair and impartial magazine devoted to the development of amateur sports, and allow his religious prejudices to interfere, is a puzzle.

**BRIDGE INCREASE TRAFFIC.**

ATLANTIC CITY DRAW TURNS 20 TIMES A DAY—CARS WILL CROSS THIS FALL.

Bridges sometimes impede navigation. They are often objectionable on that account. That is not true of the Atlantic City Draw bridge. While it may not be said that the bridge alone has caused the increase of water traffic, there is no doubt that it has increased the land traffic between the city and Atlantic City Ward.

In the first place, the bridge is free; and, in the second place, it is double width. Both of these qualities add greatly to the advantages of the bridge.

That was anticipated. But it was not anticipated, not so confidently, at least, that water traffic would increase so materially. Now the bridge is turned an average of twenty times a day. It is true the fact that the bridge turns quickly, assists to increase the water traffic. But the fact that the channel of Smith's creek was widened and deepened has a greater influence in increasing the amount of traffic.

Taken together, both facilities, of more water and a quickly turning draw-bridge, have the effect of sending many tons of freight through the draw that did not or could not go through the old wooden drawbridge, which is quickly turning steel bridge replaces.

The character and value of the cargoes and of the crafts have changed also. The draw-bridge turns now to light pleasure-boats and to industrial steam tug. The latter draw barges filled with coal, wood, stone, brick, lumber and all kinds of building material. These materials can be delivered cheaply and often quicker by water than they could be delivered in any other way.

This Atlantic City bridge is one of the largest and heaviest highway draws in the world. Nearly all of the large highway draw-bridges are in the United States, and this double-track and street railway bridge is one of the largest in the United States.

This bridge is operated by electricity, and with a full current, will turn in a few seconds. The length of the draw span is 180 feet, the width 45 feet. The weight of the draw reaches the enormous total of 800,000 pounds. This is adjusted so that it can be operated at the least possible expenditure of force on one hand.

The steel rails for the street cars are laid, but the apparatus for turning the wires for the electric current has not been put in place yet, hence the street railway has not begun to use the bridge. That will be done this fall.

# WHEEL ROAD RACE.

DOZIER AND ALLARD THE CHIEF CONTESTANTS—FIFTEEN ENTRIES EXPECTED.

A road race for bicycles will occur on Monday. The race will be over the ten mile course to the water works and return, beginning at 4:30 p. m.

Fifteen entries are expected, but the names were not given out last night because all who were expected had not signed. The chief interest centers on Dozier and Allard. One as the recent champion and the other as the former successful rider of this vicinity.

For more than three years Dozier has been the fastest rider in this section. He was beaten for the first time by Allard by half a minute, in a recent ten-mile race. His defeat was due to a fall, however, so that he expects to regain the title of champion of Tidewater Virginia, lost by an accident on July 4th.

Allard is a comparatively new rider. He came out last season. He won the eight-mile race to Ocean View last season, in 21 minutes. He is a strong rider, in fine condition, and is encouraged by the victories he has won. The last was the ten-mile race to the water works and return on July 4.

The course is a full ten-mile stretch, beginning at Paddy Myers' corner, to the water works by the old plank road, thence to Grooks' store and to Norfolk by the Broad Creek road.

There are a number of promising young riders expected to contest for the prize of a gold medal. Some of these or several of them may prove to be surprises. The roads are in excellent condition, and the weather promises to be cool enough to permit the best speed.

The judges are Messrs W. J. C. Stipkley and John Vanderberry. The starter is Mr. Chas. O'Neill, and the prize a gold medal.

## Pior.

For next week the management of the Pleasure Pier has engaged a strong company. The past week's attractions were largely attended, standing room only most of the week, which goes to show that a refined company caters to the patrons of Ocean View. The features for next week will consist of the following: Harry Dunbar and his party of educated guests, performing almost innumerable feats, such as military marches, waltzing, pyramid piling, saws, tableaus, etc.; also the funniest of funny "Dynamo," the clown goat. The act is refined and clean. Mr. L. P. is assisted by his "Ladies."

The Field Sisters, dancing and singing, pretty, young and petite, are too well known not to be remembered, having been with some of the best companies visiting Norfolk during the past three years.

Tasma and Roberts, of New York, well-known song illustrators, are engaged, and their act is one of refinement, and caters to those who love music, song and beauty.

The La Dolls, Harry and little Annie, have been re-engaged for next week. Their act speaks for itself.

The "Woman in Black" (a mystery) must be seen to be appreciated. The bill is one calculated to draw good audiences to the theatre over the ocean's waves.

**Row at Atlantic Garden.**

As the result of a row at the Atlantic Garden, on Hill street, at 1:15 o'clock this morning, Sam Ferguson went to the police station and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Samuel Wasserman, proprietor of the place. It is charged by Ferguson's friends that Wasserman attacked Ferguson and beat him over the head with a beer bottle. A number of persons were present and considerable excitement was caused.

Ferguson is a brother of Constable Ferguson, of Lambert's Point.

## Application to Extend Coal Piers.

Mr. John N. Vaughan, now at Blue Ridge Summit for vacation, will return to the city on Tuesday. He is expected home to attend a meeting of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, of which he is a member. The commissioners are to consider the important subject of the application of the Norfolk and Western railroad for permission to extend the coal piers at Lambert's Point farther out in the river.

This application was made some time ago, and it is to be the chief subject of discussion at the meeting on Tuesday.

## Mr. A. P. Thom Recovering.

Mr. A. P. Thom, who went to New York to obtain treatment from a specialist, is recovering rapidly. He submitted to a treatment a short time before the skillful physician was able to discover the real cause of the disease. Recovery was rapid. Hence it is expected that Mr. Thom will return home this week thoroughly relieved.

Both of these qualities add greatly to the advantages of the bridge.

**Hurt on a Wheel.**

Erastus Nichols, a boy, trying to pass along on Church street on his wheel at 8:30 last night lost his balance and ran against the wheel of a wagon he was trying to avoid. He was taken to his home, No. 60 Washington avenue, Huntersville, in the patrol wagon.

The extent of the boy's injuries were not ascertained last night, but it was supposed that his leg was broken when the patrol wagon left him.

## Popular Man Hurt.

Mr. C. A. Bruce, the popular, but silent clerk in the clerk's office, cut his right hand badly yesterday. In giving way for several ladies to pass in Church street he stumbled over the stone step at St. Paul's Church, broke a bottle of witch hazel he was carrying and stuck a fragment of the glass in his hand. The wound is painful, but perhaps not serious.

**Doesn't Know How Much He Owes**

Abraham Rosenbaum filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday in the United States Court. His assets are nominal and the amount of his liabilities is unknown to the petitioner.

## Fire Committee to Meet.

The Fire Committee of the Councils is to meet next Thursday, and among other things will consider the erection of a new fire engine-house and the appointment of additional firemen.

## Norfolk Presbytery.

A call meeting of the Presbytery of Norfolk will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, this city, at 10 o'clock Monday morning to consider special matters that are to come before it.

## A PESSIMISTIC VERSION.

Lives of great men all remind us That there isn't any doubt Footprints that we leave behind us Will be very soon washed out

# TIENTSIN.

What the City We Are Reading so Much About Is Like.

(H. W. Lawson in London Daily Telegraph.)

Tientsin is the commercial capital of Northern China, the Port of Peking, and the great exchange and mart of Mongolia and Tartary proper. Situated on the flat, alluvial plain that runs up from the mudbanks of the coast to the foothills of the Mongolian plateau, there is nothing in the site or plan of the native city to distinguish it from any other collection of squat, tiled-roof, ramshackle buildings intersected with filth laden ditches to be seen, with slight variations for soil and climate, from one end of China to the other. The ferocity and turbulence of the Tientsin mob have been notorious since the lamentable massacre of 1870, which began with the murder of the French consul and his wife and culminated in unspeakable outrages upon the wretched Christians of the religious orders. Unfortunately, those were the days of imperial forgetfulness, and but little was done to bring the responsible authors and abettors of the crime to account. It was about the time when the foreign office is said to have remonstrated with our minister in China because no dispatch had been received for six months on any single subject. "Write anything you like, but write something," was the direction given.

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the empire, and droves of ponies are thence brought down to Tientsin and the northern ports, to be shipped to the settlements of the south or sold for commercial purposes to the Chinese merchant. Just outside the north gate of Peking is a large market, where these ponies—griffins they are called—are sold by auction, as they come to hand from their Tartar breeders, in shape and make they are not attractive to the Western eye, and they look, as they are, coarse and underbred. Their heads, in particular, are square and clumsy, but they have great qualities of sturdiness and hard condition, and it is found in practice that their legs will stand any amount of rattling over the hard ground, and the stony roads. It is almost needless to say that they are wonderfully sure of foot and clever in avoiding the holes and drops of a "trappy" country. In and near the capital twenty or thirty tailed go a long way toward buying the Chinese, that are brought to the hammer, and their keep does not come to more than about five China dollars a month. All they have for food is chopped straw mixed with plenty of hot water, making up a sort of gruel, which they eat at odd times by night and day. Their natural pace, agreeable to the Chinese taste, is a slow jog trot, but under European hands they soon learn the gallop at a respectable rate. Unfortunately, the breaking is of the roughest: their mouths are as hard as iron, and accustomed to be tight held by the head, the reins must be taken short to make them go at all. Moreover, when owned by Chinamen they are ill-kept and scraggy, almost mangy in their coats. Nothing is done to improve the stamp, and, unlike the native princess of India, the high officials do nothing to be the farmers and carriers by introducing better strains of blood.

Labor in China varies in its efficiency according to place, and, curiously unlike Europe, seems to vary inversely. The Chinese are more efficient at Tientsin and the northern ports than they are in the south, and the husbandry of the soil shows less care in the northern provinces than it does lower down. In fact, the northern provinces seem inclined to be more efficient in the winter to unman them instead of spurting them to activity. Still, after watching gangs of coolies working in many places, it may safely be asserted that the average staid and gentleness of their labor are superior to those of any nation, with, perhaps, the exception of our own. From this it does not follow that the Chinaman, like the London "docker," does not know how to play "ea' canny" when he chooses. I had the experience of being asked one of the last of the China merchants' steamships to leave Tongku before the Peiho was closed by ice to water traffic, and the coolies employed happened to be in receipt of monthly wages. It was neither their object nor their desire to shut down for the winter, but they were forced to take full time and something more in getting the cargo aboard, both from the wharf and at Tongku and outside the Taku bar from lighters.

It chanced that this cargo mainly consisted of peanuts for Canton, packed in the matted bags of the roughest make. Each bag was passed to the comprador's clerk, who stuck a tally into the sack, and it was then hooked on by a row of coolies into the ship's hold. Not only was it possible to make all this a very slow process, but the lingering could be turned to a practical purpose. The hook, if judiciously inserted, caused a constant stream of peanuts to fall out, and these were instantly stored in handkerchiefs and taken as "perks" by the hungry workmen. It may be imagined how easily twenty-four hours were consumed in this pleasant pastime. When, however, it is a question of piece-work, either directly or indirectly through the labor contractor or gang master, who plays so large a part in the industrial organization of the Celestial Empire, the hours are miraculously shortened, and the ships seldom exhaust the given time in port before they are ready to go to sea or up-river, as the case may be.

The severity of the climate which cuts off Tientsin from the sea for four months of the year has made the merchants put heavier weight of stone than further south, and the general appearance resembles nothing so much as an important Scotch town, even in the character of its architecture, which the great Scotch firms who carry on the Far East trade brought with them from their native land. The police force is composed of Elkh and Pathans—the "black devils" the Chinese call them—who look funny enough in the thick blue clothing and white woollen gloves of a London "bobby," but do their work to perfection. It will be a shocking catastrophe in the East, quite apart from the horrid probability of massacre and outrage, if the lawless, or the protectors are Chinese soldiers, are able to lay their hands on this admirable class of Western civilization, which strikes the eye so curiously in the midst of the decadent corruption of the Manchus. Tientsin trades with all the products of the northern provinces and of Mongolia, and prominent feature in the streets of the Chinese city is the fur and skin shop, which supplies the natives with every sort of coat, from costly sable, worn and put together from a hundred scraps and pieces, to the humble sheepskin for coolie wear.

The Tartar travels with his family and his followers. Wives riding astraddle legged and children in baskets are carried on the coolie back, and the actual leaders go afoot, with the long string of their charges following in single file, tied together in line. Warmly clad in heavy wadded underclothes, topped by enormous sheepskins, their heads covered with long capes, and, in addition to which they put on fur earbags, and on their legs "Mongol socks," that is, soft, high boots of sheepskin, under felt overshoes, thickly studded with iron nails, these people look to the life the Tartar of the children's book of types. Beyond Kalgan the plateau rises to an elevation of four thousand feet, and the icy blast that sweeps across it cuts into the skin and pierces through the stoutest cloth. The Tartar differs considerably from the Chinaman, or even from his kinsman, the Manchu, in the ruddy yellow of his face and the pleasant frankness of his glance. He seems to favor bright colors, and on the top of his head he often sticks the gold buttoned cap of Chinese official rank, while his women's jackets are of yellow and scarlet, as well as of Chinese blue.

Mongolia is the great stud farm of

the empire, and droves of ponies are thence brought down to Tientsin and the northern ports, to be shipped to the settlements of the south or sold for commercial purposes to the Chinese merchant. Just outside the north gate of Peking is a large market, where these ponies—griffins they are called—are sold by auction, as they come to hand from their Tartar breeders, in shape and make they are not attractive to the Western eye, and they look, as they are, coarse and underbred. Their heads, in particular, are square and clumsy, but they have great qualities of sturdiness and hard condition, and it is found in practice that their legs will stand any amount of rattling over the hard ground, and the stony roads. It is almost needless to say that they are wonderfully sure of foot and clever in avoiding the holes and drops of a "trappy" country. In and near the capital twenty or thirty tailed go a long way toward buying the Chinese, that are brought to the hammer, and their keep does not come to more than about five China dollars a month. All they have for food is chopped straw mixed with plenty of hot water, making up a sort of gruel, which they eat at odd times by night and day. Their natural pace, agreeable to the Chinese taste, is a slow jog trot, but under European hands they soon learn the gallop at a respectable rate. Unfortunately, the breaking is of the roughest: their mouths are as hard as iron, and accustomed to be tight held by the head, the reins must be taken short to make them go at all. Moreover, when owned by Chinamen they are ill-kept and scraggy, almost mangy in their coats. Nothing is done to improve the stamp, and, unlike the native princess of India, the high officials do nothing to be the farmers and carriers by introducing better strains of blood.

Labor in China varies in its efficiency according to place, and, curiously unlike Europe, seems to vary inversely. The Chinese are more efficient at Tientsin and the northern ports than they are in the south, and the husbandry of the soil shows less care in the northern provinces than it does lower down. In fact, the northern provinces seem inclined to be more efficient in the winter to unman them instead of spurting them to activity. Still, after watching gangs of coolies working in many places, it may safely be asserted that the average staid and gentleness of their labor are superior to those of any nation, with, perhaps, the exception of our own. From this it does not follow that the Chinaman, like the London "docker," does not know how to play "ea' canny" when he chooses. I had the experience of being asked one of the last of the China merchants' steamships to leave Tongku before the Peiho was closed by ice to water traffic, and the coolies employed happened to be in receipt of monthly wages. It was neither their object nor their desire to shut down for the winter, but they were forced to take full time and something more in getting the cargo aboard, both from the wharf and at Tongku and outside the Taku bar from lighters.

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The severity of the climate which cuts off Tientsin from the sea for four months of the year has made the merchants put heavier weight of stone than further south, and the general appearance resembles nothing so much as an important Scotch town, even in the character of its architecture, which the great Scotch firms who carry on the Far East trade brought with them from their native land. The police force is composed of Elkh and Pathans—the "black devils" the Chinese call them—who look funny enough in the thick blue clothing and white woollen gloves of a London "bobby," but do their work to perfection. It will be a shocking catastrophe in the East, quite apart from the horrid probability of massacre and outrage, if the lawless, or the protectors are Chinese soldiers, are able to lay their hands on this admirable class of Western civilization, which strikes the eye so curiously in the midst of the decadent corruption of the Manchus. Tientsin trades with all the products of the northern provinces and of Mongolia, and prominent feature in the streets of the Chinese city is the fur and skin shop, which supplies the natives with every sort of coat, from costly sable, worn and put together from a hundred scraps and pieces, to the humble sheepskin for coolie wear.

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It chanced that this cargo mainly consisted of peanuts for Canton, packed in the matted bags of the roughest make. Each bag was passed to the comprador's clerk, who stuck a tally into the sack, and it was then hooked on by a row of coolies into the ship's hold. Not only was it possible to make all this a very slow process, but the lingering could be turned to a practical purpose. The hook, if judiciously inserted, caused a constant stream of peanuts to fall out, and these were instantly stored in handkerchiefs and taken as "perks" by the hungry workmen. It may be imagined how easily twenty-four hours were consumed in this pleasant pastime. When, however, it is a question of piece-work, either directly or indirectly through the labor contractor or gang master, who plays so large a part in the industrial organization of the Celestial Empire, the hours are miraculously shortened, and the ships seldom exhaust the given time in port before they are ready to go to sea or up-river, as the case may be.

The severity of the climate which cuts off Tientsin from the sea for four months of the year has made the merchants put heavier weight of stone than further south, and the general appearance resembles nothing so much as an important Scotch town, even in the character of its architecture, which the great Scotch firms who carry on the Far East trade brought with them from their native land. The police force is composed of Elkh and Pathans—the "black devils" the Chinese call them—who look funny enough in the thick blue clothing and white woollen gloves of a London "bobby," but do their work to perfection. It will be a shocking catastrophe in the East, quite apart from the horrid probability of massacre and outrage, if the lawless, or the protectors are Chinese soldiers, are able to lay their hands on this admirable class of Western civilization, which strikes the eye so curiously in the midst of the decadent corruption of the Manchus. Tientsin trades with all the products of the northern provinces and of Mongolia, and prominent feature in the streets of the Chinese city is the fur and skin shop, which supplies the natives with every sort of coat, from costly sable, worn and put together from a hundred scraps and pieces, to the humble sheepskin for coolie wear.

The Tartar travels with his family and his followers. Wives riding astraddle legged and children in baskets are carried on the coolie back, and the actual leaders go afoot, with the long string of their charges following in single file, tied together in line. Warmly clad in heavy wadded underclothes, topped by enormous sheepskins, their heads covered with long capes, and, in addition to which they put on fur earbags, and on their legs "Mongol socks," that is, soft, high boots of sheepskin, under felt overshoes, thickly studded with iron nails, these people look to the life the Tartar of the children's book of types. Beyond Kalgan the plateau rises to an elevation of four thousand feet, and the icy blast that sweeps across it cuts into the skin and pierces through the stoutest cloth. The Tartar differs considerably from the Chinaman, or even from his kinsman, the Manchu, in the ruddy yellow of his face and the pleasant frankness of his glance. He seems to favor bright colors, and on the top of his head he often sticks the gold buttoned cap of Chinese official rank, while his women's jackets are of yellow and scarlet, as well as of Chinese blue.

Mongolia is the great stud farm of

the empire, and droves of ponies are thence brought down to Tientsin and the northern ports, to be shipped to the settlements of the south or sold for commercial purposes to the Chinese merchant. Just outside the north gate of Peking is a large market, where these ponies—griffins they are called—are sold by auction, as they come to hand from their Tartar breeders, in shape and make they are not attractive to the Western eye, and they look, as they are, coarse and underbred. Their heads, in particular, are square and clumsy, but they have great qualities of sturdiness and hard condition, and it is found in practice that their legs will stand any amount of rattling over the hard ground, and the stony roads. It is almost needless to say that they are wonderfully sure of foot and clever in avoiding the holes and drops of a "trappy" country. In and near the capital twenty or thirty tailed go a long way toward buying the Chinese, that are brought to the hammer, and their keep does not come to more than about five China dollars a month. All they have for food is chopped straw mixed with plenty of hot water, making up a sort of gruel, which they eat at